Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike Isle,
That so approve the Moor: oh let the heav'ns
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
Mont. Is he well ship'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
Within] A saill, a saile!
Cas. What noise?
Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry a saile.
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.
Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesie:
Our friends at least.
Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
Gent. I shall. [Exit
Mont. But good lieutenant, is our General wiv'd?
Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That Paragons description and wild fame:
One that excells the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Does bear all excellency ——

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who has put in?
Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Ancient to the General.
Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy speed;
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutterd Rocks, and congregated sands,
(Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,) As

As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by
The diuine *Desdemona*.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captaines Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts
A sennights speede—great *Ioue Othello* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emilia, *and* Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits:
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort,—O behold
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her haue your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.
Des. I thanke you valiant *Cassio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be shortly heere.
Des. O but I feare:—how lost you company?
[*within*] *A saile, a saile.*
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but harke, a saile.
2 *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the Citadell,
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of courtesie.
Iag. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she has bestowed on me,